

Daylight can never really hide what's alive  
I know it's hard sometimes  
For you to tell where you end  
And where the world begins

You do your best to avoid assimilation  
Guess that's the best you can do  
And all the parts of it that matter change  
All traces disintegrate

At night  
My mind gets on this  
Train of thought  
And can't get back off

And when you know  
How few things there are worth knowing  
I suppose  
Anyone who tries could forget

Responding now  
To trains that crash before you  
Never thought  
Crashing could happen to you

And all the parts of it that matter change  
All traces disintegrate